BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN — [illegible] OF GOOD MORALS — PUBLISHED WEEKLY; $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—Grant.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield

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CINCINNATI ENQUIRER ON DOWIE

REVIEWED BY DOCTOR WILSON

Whenever a phenomenon appears, whether it be in the realm of Nature, an event, or an individual, we very properly [illegible] to account for it. In earlier times almost any phenomenal manifestations were considered miraculous, and any attempt to seek out their causes regarded as little less than sacrilegious. Comets and eclipses portended the Divine wrath, diseases were sent as special chastisements, [illegible] kings and priests were the direct representatives of the Almighty. Now, however, when we know that there is no deviation from orderly processes under the law of development, and that every manifestation, whether physical, biological or sociological, has some sufficient and ascertainable cause, we are impelled to search for it. The rise and influence of a man like Dowie is a phenomenon worth studying. It is manifest in the first place that his must be a [illegible] strong and commanding personality. Had he been a politician, or a soldier or a captain of industry, he would have succeeded. He is a born leader. Men follow him and obey him instinctively, and his power of successful organization must be great. He must possess personal magnetism which if not a form of hypnotic power, is closely allied to it. The country is familiar with the successful b[illegible] and orderly town, free from [illegible] and drunkenness, which he has built up, and the ecclesiastical hierarchy which he has established in Illinois, [illegible] extravagant, even absurd, as some of his pretensions doubtless are, there has grown up a widespread feeling that he may not be altogether a humbug; at all events he has the same right as every other alleged prophet or priest [illegible] propagate them. There is a class of persons who have been described as sincere impostors and Dowie is probably one of them. Mary Barker Eddy is another. Mohammed, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were others. They are usually subject to neurotic disorders, as all mystics are apt to be, capable without understanding the process, or being conscious of what they do, of hypnotizing themselves, and then regarding their abnormal subjective experiences, or hypnotic visions, as revelations from on High, constituting them Seers and Prophets. Of the sincerity of such beliefs there can be no doubt, and the common run of mankind, who see no visions and do not wish to think for themselves, are always ready to follow any one who is sure he has a revelation and has the forceful qualities of leadership. The success of such men or of their movements raises the old question whether it is the man who makes the movement or whether he is merely the result of it and its embodiment. Thinkers like Carlyle magnify the influence of great men, and regard them as the makers of history, while the more philosophical historical writers regard them merely as products of great forces, which would have reached their inevitable results without them. Perhaps neither view is wholly correct. It is quite possible to imagine, for example, that had Mohammed never existed such thing as Mohammedanism, with the vast influence it has had and still maintains over millions of the human race, would ever have come into being. It must have been adapted to its time and environment, but aside from that he alone seems to have made it and carried it to success. On the other hand, any and all leaders in the throes of such an upheaval as the French Revolution appear as mere drifting straws on the surface. Dowieism, aside from the claim of its founder that he is a reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, seems to have no tenets or observances of its own sufficiently original or distinct to justify its separate existence, and it is quite likely that unless he, too, is taken up by horses and a chariot of fire, it will disintegrate when he passes on. With persecution and repression of heresy and schism no longer possible, all varieties of belief have a fair field and are equally entitled to claim divine origins and sanction. Only the fittest will survive. One thing strikes the impartial observer. Their multiplication and growth indicate no small degree of dissatisfaction among the masses with the old forms of belief, and disclose the fact that the ties of church and creed are more lightly held than in earlier days.

Dowie's move on New York was as bold, in its way, as Sherman's march to the sea, but it seems to have been ill-advised and ill-timed. His audiences appear to have been drawn chiefly by curiosity, and have met with exhortation of so loud and objurgatory a character that they would doubtless unite in voting him a howling success. Should the expedition end in complete failure it may be the beginning of the Prophet's total collapse.

A striking illustration of how widely two intelligent observers may differ in their estimate of the same thing is shown by the comments of Dr. Parkhurst in the public press and an Episcopal clergyman of nearly forty years' standing who writes to the New York Sun. Dr. Parkhurst says: "I never heard from a public speaker such a discharge of effervescent wrath and coarse invective. I was ashamed of you and almost ashamed to be in your audience. It was a long way below the standard even of circuses that I have attended in the same garden." Dr. Parkhurst knows what he is talking about. The Episcopal clergyman says he was favorably impressed, thought highly of the appearance and demeanor of the Dowieites, gives a high estimate of the Prophet's oratory, and classes Zionism with other great religious movements. Probably the truth lies between the two, though the probability of Zionism becoming a general and permanent faith does not seem great.

As before indicated, the rapid success of such movements as Mormonism, Spiritualism, Eddyism, Dowieism, and the like, show that the claims of the old organization to direct the exclusive Divine authority, are finding less and less acceptance and that rigid insistence on antiquated creeds and dogmas is not only making hosts of unbelievers, so-called, but repelling from the established folds great numbers who seek for some expression of the religious instinct.

Comment.—The man who wrote the above well knows that Christianity is the greatest fake in the world, and that Dowie is perfectly consistent in robbing his dupes as he is doing. Dowie bases his tenets on the Bible and he can show Bible authority for all he does and says, and there is not a Christian preacher or priest in this country who is not obtaining money on false pretenses. Not one but who is playing a stake on a future he knows not of—taking ignorant people's money on the promise of piloting them safe to a country where they will dwell in mansions, wear crowns and have nothing to do but study music eternally.

They are all fakes alike. Pope Leo raised millions of dollars by pretending to be a prisoner in the Vatican, and eliciting sympathy from his ignorant and fanatical dupes. To the peasantry all over Europe straws were sold as having come from the bed on which old Leo was said to have slept in his dungeon. Look at the Lourdes fake, and the St. Ann bone, which Edison pronounced as being a chicken bone. The Catholic Church has numerous ways of robbing its followers.

First it takes the child and stuffs it with lies and prejudice so that it may make it a perpetual victim of its greed and crimes. It continues to rob it living and robs it dead. Millions of poor old work women have toiled and saved until they lay away a few hundred dollars to leave to their priests to pray them out of Purgatory. It is the greatest bunko game in the world, masquerading under the guise of piety and respectability.

As brazen and criminal as Dowie is he is a sweet seraph to Cardinal Gibbons and John Ireland, or any other Catholic priest. They are all alike, fakes, sneaks, thieves, hypocrites and enemies of republican government, as dangerous as rattlesnakes in a bed room.

The Protestant clergy are not as sleek thieves as the priests, as they have no Purgatory or Confession or Absolution by which to get close to their victims' pockets; but they use the faith and prayer racket and promise of a mansion in the skies for all they are worth. Like the Catholic they evade taxation and graft themselves onto the State in every possible way open to them, and in defiance of the constitution.

This editorial in the Enquirer will do a vast amount of good. Without openly attacking the Christian faith (business policy preventing) nevertheless it has made plain that Dowie is just one of a lot of the same kind right in our daily midst who are practicing a skin game, openly robbing the ignorant and skinning those of the educated who have never been able to throw off the prejudices instilled into their infancy.

When a great newspaper like the Enquirer thus comes out, using the Dowie fake as an opportunity to expose the whole gang of pious bunkoists there is some hope that the crime of theft under the guise of Christian piety will not go forever. The fellow who wrote that editorial has more brains than is allotted to the common run of editors. W.

CONVENT CRUELTIES ILLUSTRATED.

The complete book of Convent Cruelties is now ready. The illustrations show "Nuns receiving the Breviary" "Consecration of nuns," "Anathema against False nuns," and others. The book is highly entertaining and instructive. Send 25 cents in silver for the book within 60 days and receive a beautiful "Old Glory" badge as a premium. Address Henry A. Sullivan, 427 South Main street, Los Angeles, California.

(Des Moines Daily News.)

SEEK

TO PROVE HIM A MODERN BLUE BEARD

Grand Jury at Eldora Takes Up Case of Man Who Is Alleged to Have Been a Terrible Sinner While Posing as a Modern Saint.

Eldora, Oct. 20.—Eben S. Blydenburgh, Sunday school teacher, church deacon and philanthropist, who was arrested at this city charged with the murder of his third wife, is before the grand jury to-day being investigated on the charge that he is a modern "Blue Beard," and put to death at least two of his three wives in order to secure their property.

Blydenburgh married his third wife little more than a year ago. She was a member of his Sunday school class and a woman of 39. He was 50. Soon after the marriage the wife deeded to her husband 150 acres of Hardin county land. Evidence at a preliminary trial tended to prove that large quantities of arsenic had been placed in a meal prepared by Blydenburgh while his wife was absent at Sunday school, and that he had persuaded her to attend the services on the morning of the crime.

This was soon after the transfer of his wife's property to him. A chemical analysis of the stomach disclosed large quantities of arsenic and Blydenburgh was arrested on the morning of his first anniversary of his marriage.

The death of Blydenburgh's first wife, Emily Hawkins, occurred at Stony Brook, L. I., five years ago. His second wife was Laura Godbold, aged 19 at the time of her marriage. She was a daughter of Judge Godbold, a wealthy retired merchant of Brooklyn. Soon after her death, February 14, [illegible], Blydenburgh came into possession of $6,000 life insurance. The body was embalmed and the cause of death was not inserted in the doctor's certificate until after the funeral. The doctor has since died.

Mrs. Godbold, mother of the second wife, expressed the belief recently [illegible] one of Blydenburgh's victims. Blydenburgh is very pious. The walls of his home are adorned with such mottoes as "Thou Shalt Not Kill," "The Lord is My Shepherd and I Shall Not Want," "He Leadeth Me Beside Green Pastures," etc.

PRIESTLY VILLAINNY

Catholics Attempt to Murder Sequin Because He Left the Priesthood.

In the Blade of October 18 I gave you a digest of a newspaper quarrel between a Baptist preacher named Johnson and a Catholic priest named Lynch, growing out of Johnson's defense of an ex-priest named Sequin and the vilification of Sequin by Lynch.

The following letters throw some light on the matter:

58 Pierpont St., New Haven, Conn.,
Oct. 12, 1903.

Mr. Charles C. Moore Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I am a subscriber to the Blue Grass Blade and a member of the N. L. P. I have just received a letter from a gentleman in Amboy, Minn., which I enclose. I wish you to read it.

It speaks of a man who has long ago renounced priestcraft and has been exposing it and fighting it ever since.

You will see by his letter that recently an attempt has been made on his life by a rabid Roman Catholic with a knife, but Mr. Sequin luckily escaped with his face badly cut up.

He had the case to go to the court, for the conviction and punishment of the assailant, but lost his case and the religious criminal went scot free.

He has done much to expose Romanism and deserves credit for it even from Freethinkers, although he is a protestant. He is all out of funds and as his letter states, his children are crying for bread.

I appeal to all Liberals to help this deadly foe to Papacy in his hour of need.

Send him something even if it is not more than a dime. His address is P. A. Sequin, Amboy, Minn.

P. S. I would suggest that you purchase some of his books or at least send for rates for publishers, and advertise them in the Blue Grass Blade. I am sure they would sell fast. I enclose his list of books which he has on sale.

Editor, will you kindly publish at least a part of my letter? He will be very grateful to all who help him.

Yours very truly,
ALBERTO C. FISHER.

The letter of Sequin is as follows:

Amboy Minn., Oct. 9, 1903.

My Good Friend Fisher.

I suppose you are anxious to know how we got along with the court in our case, having been stabbed by that Roman fiend last March at Ellendale, Minn., when I was taking the train to go to the next town. Well, we are just back home from Albert Lean, Minn., where we got beaten in that law suit by a judge and a body of jurymen bought by railroad money. We were ably represented by Senator Morgan, Senator Knatvald and another lawyer called Meighen.

We had seven good witnesses on the stand to prove that the murderer, E. H. Stout, was making threats against my life at the depot in the hearing of the station agent.

Our case first was against the railroad for damages, but what could you do in the presence of the moneyed, soulless and powerful company of the Rock Island Road?

We are to have another suit appealing from that bought up court to another court, but this does not give me bread and butter for the present.

At this hour we both hunger and thirst.

I am with a noble wife and three dear children who cry out for bread. Oh, how I am dismayed just now and this after twenty-three years of a fierce fight against Rum and Romanism.

I am sure that Protestants and Americans ought to recognize the fact that ex-priests of my stamp, the stamp of old Father Chiniquy, are their best friends, exposing their lives continually for the glorious principles of America. I pray you to come to our rescue.

Yours truly,
P. A. SEQUIN, Ex-Priest.

One of the forty priests he brought out of bondage, superstition and degradation.

Comment.—When I got that letter 10 cents was all the money I had in the whole world. I put 10 cents in an envelope and sent it to Sequin. I am glad to see a Blade reader sympathizing with any body in trouble, but to be blunt and plain and candid, this is nothing but a fight between two brands of Christians, and the Protestants, to us, are no more than the Catholics.

Personally the Catholics have been better to me than the Protestants have ever been.

If we are going to help anybody there is the wife of our brother, Dr. Hammer, in that same State of Iowa, who is now suffering because a combination of Catholics and Protestants have put him in the penitentiary because he is an Infidel.

I am sorry for Sequin and his wife and children but I am much more sorry for Dr. Hammer and his wife and children.

SECRETARY'S REPORT OF NATIONAL LIBERAL PARTY

Cincinnati, Nov. 1, 1903—303.

To the President and Officers of the National Liberal Party.

I have the honor to submit the following report of the condition of the National Liberal party ending October 31:

Balance on hand January 24	$118 94
Receipts to May 1	143 00
	261 94
Expenditure to May 1	110 80
(For detailed report see Blade of May 31.)	
Receipts:	
Balance on hand May 1	151 14
May dues	17 00
June dues	3 00
July dues	1 00
August dues	8 00
September dues	4 00
October dues	3 00
	187 14
Expenditures:	
May 25, 1,000 extra copies of Blade	15 00
June 20, subscription to the Torch of Reason	1 00
July postage for three months	2 00
July, salary of secretary for three months	15 00
August, expenses Ingersoll memorial	11 85
September, N. L. P. buttons	2 40
October, postage for three months	2 00
October, salary of secretary for three months	15 00
Balance on hand	$122 89
64 25	

Respectfully submitted,

Morris Saats

Secretary.

The above is a correct and true report of the condition of the National Liberal Party for the period ending October 31, 1903.

MORGAN WAMSLEY, Treasurer.

SWEENEY,

My Catholic Irish Boston Lawyer "Dog Fennel" Chum in the Orient Is Heard From.

Some one has sent me a clipping from a Boston paper giving an account of my man "Sweeney" that you read about in Dog Fennel.

He's the fellow that said his prayers to that track that Jesus Christ left in the solid rock when he ascended to heaven from the top of Mount Olivet, up to the top of which he—J. C., not Sweeney—walked so as not to have to travel so far through the air in getting to heaven. It tickled me to see Sweeney kissing all the old rocks and saying his prayers to every old Catholic humbug he came across and then cuss out everything and everybody in sight that didn't do to suit him. But I don't blame him for being a Catholic any more than I blame him for being an Irishman. He was born that way and couldn't get over it.

He was the ugliest devil you ever saw and had a foot on him two feet long.

That track of Jesus in that rock is about 18 inches long and I am under the impression that Sweeney thinks Jesus was an Irishman and liked him more than ever when he saw what a foot J. C. had on him.

But that newspaper account of Sweeney is just like I thought Sweeney would do and makes me like Sweeney and makes me hope that some of these days—sooner the better—he will come to see me at "Quakeracre," and I will take him to see old Barry, this durned old priest here in Lexington that tried to get me killed and then said in the Lexington Herald that he was so damned glad they had sent me to the penitentiary.

Some fellow in Boston—Catholic, I reckon—had murdered somebody and didn't have any lawyer to save his neck, and they made up a purse to pay a lawyer and went to hire Sweeney.

Sweeney took the case but would not take any of their money.

As much as I ridiculed Sweeney in Dog Fennel, if I were in Boston and should kill somebody, or steal something, or get into some preacher scrape with "a woman in the case" and get caught at it, I would take a bee line for Sweeney, though one of the richest lawyers in Boston is my old college chum that I converted to the Campbellites and then went off and joined the Episcopalians.

Come to see me, Sweeney, old boy, and let's see which of us can tell these Dog Fennel people the biggest lie about what we saw in the "Holy Land."

SKY-BUSTER.

Another "Woman in the Case."

This time it's the Rev. Irvin B. Taylor, of Iowa, formerly of Wilmington, Del., and a Wilmington paper tells about it.

Brer Taylor hadn't done very bad. He had only two wives when he was entitled to one, anyhow. Seems to me that that is quite moderate for a preacher in these days. Solomon had 1,000. Brother E. A. Aiker, of Wilmington, in sending me the newspaper extract says of Iowa in which Taylor had one of his wives, "this is the State in which they have Dr. Hammer in prison."

Taylor, the Christian bigamist in Iowa was let out of jail on $500 bond and will skip the country, get another preaching job and get him several more wives.

Dr. Hammer, a good man, devoted to his wife and family, but he an Infidel, is in the penitentiary, and from away over in Delaware a man is now saying of Iowa "That's the State that put Dr. Hammer in prison." That's the way States make their reputation and that is the first blot I know of on the fair fame of Iowa.

New York, Oct. 13, 1903.

Mr. R. E. M. Bain, St. Louis, Mo.:

Dear Sir—We are very much obliged for your letter of the 9th, informing us of the issue of a book by the editor of the Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky., dealing with the "Moltke" trip last year, and have ordered a copy of same. Truly yours,

THOS. COOK & SON.
E. O. EADE, Manager.

Says "Dog Fennel" Does Not Surpass "Behind the Bars."

Brunswick, Me., Oct. 19, '03.

Dear Friend Hughes:—Mr. William Ham, who recently sent you a club of five subscriptions for the Blue Grass Blade was, in to see me the other day and I spoke to him about his interest in the paper. He told me he thought he would be able to get more subscribers during the coming winter. Mr. Ham is one of those Freethinkers who are ever ready to give their reasons for the faith that is in them.

I am reading "Dog Fennel in the Orient" and enjoy it much. So far as I have read I do not think it surpasses "Behind the Bars," though I may think otherwise before I finish it. "Behind the Bars" is a book calculated to do much good in the matter of freethought and free expression. Those who have read the book must feel the utmost contempt for those who prosecuted and persecuted Mr. Moore. They doubtless found before they got through that they had "barked up the wrong tree." Mr. Moore is a fighter and a good one. May he live long and continue to do noble service against the hosts of superstition. I may as well send you along a little something to assist you in your work. I wish I could do more.

Hoping you are finding more "simoleons" than formerly, I remain,

Yours for the truth,
I. S. CURTIS.

Oriental Souvenirs Are Still Holding Out.

I still have a good many stones and pebbles from famous places in the Orient, though I am sending them in all directions over America, from Alaska to Florida and from Maine to Texas.

I am fixed in good shape for sending them off. Send in your orders; first come first served. I will let you know through the Blade when the supply is exhausted. No charge for any of them.

Lexington Loses its Grip.

Mr. Adam W. Carpenter, of Lincoln county, Kentucky, is the Prohibition candidate for Congress. He said to me that Lexington had stood highest in the list of crimes of any city in the United States, but that now Lexington stood third on the list and that Los Angeles, Cal., stood first. It seems strange that a city named "The Angels" should be the worst place in the United States. You see that I am improving Lexington and I want that Infidel club at Los Angeles to bring up the reputation of that town. Where are you, Brother Secretary Walter Collins?

N. L. P.

This Column is Dedicated to the National Liberal Party—Matter Intended for Publication Should Be Addressed to Morris Sachs, Secretary, Atlas Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Rome Congress.

There will be a Congress of the Freethinkers of the World held at Rome, Italy, in September, 1904. The friends of Dr. J. B. Wilson, of Cincinnati, O., have started a movement to have the doctor represent American Freethought at that Congress.

Besides the usual expenses which such a journey envolves, the doctor will be obliged to engage the services of interpreters and stenographers in order to be able to give a complete and accurate report of the Congress.

On his return from Rome, the doctor will write a book—an account of his journey, observations and proceedings of the Congress. This book will be sold for one dollar a copy and aditional postage (about 20 cents.)

As the journey, heavy expenses for interpreters and stenographers and the publication of the book will require quite a large sum of money, it is necessary that Dr. Wilson's friends and those who may desire the book send in their subscriptions and contributions as early as possible.

Of course, subscriptions will be received now even if the money does not accompany the order; but it is preferred that he money be sent now if possible.

For that purpose an account has been opened in The Central Trust and Safe Deposit Company, of Cincinnati, in the name of the Rome-Wilson Fund, where the money is deposited as soon as received, and will draw interest until needed.

All contributions and subscriptions will be acknowledged through the Blade, and the amount on deposit stated each week.

A good many people have ordered ten and five copies of the book, and it is hoped that others will follow this example.

At the request of Dr. Wilson the undersigned is keeping an account of all subscriptions and contributions, and for convenience it is desirable that all such contributions and subscriptions be sent directly to him.

The amount contributed and number of books subscribed for is $272 00

The amount on deposit at the Central Trust & Safety Deposit company is 57 00

Money can be sent in any form that is most convenient to the sender. Address:

Morris Sachs,
Atlas Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cincinnati, Oct. 24, 1903.

SHORT LETTERS

St. Louis, Mo.—Enclosed find $2.00 in paper for my next year's subscription and the other $1.00 in Blades for October 11. I want the 100 Blades on account of the fine letter of Wilson. He undoubtedly is a brick. I would just like to hug you both. I am getting more in love with Thomas Paine every day.—W. C. WAGENER, 3111 N. Newstead Ave.

Answer.—If you are a woman you can hug me. If you are a man you may hug Wilson.

Oketo, Kans.—Please send by return mail Blades with Dr. Wilson's letters in them and send me a button and a souvenir stone for enclosed stamps. I am a farmer and wanted you to bring me some of the wheat that "fell by the wayside," but may be it was not ripe. I am reading Dog Fennel the second time. It is all right. It gives me more information about the Holy Land and all that country than Bennett's history did. (He was the editor of the Truth Seeker.) Put me down for $1 for one of Dr. Wilson's books.—James BRIGHAM.

Park River, N. D.—Enclosed find $1.30. Send me Dog Fennel. We are scrapping over the one I have, so I must have another. Also send me ten copies of Blade with Dr. Wilson's letter in it and you can put me down for five books for the Rome Congress fund.—SAUNDER SOLL.

Newark Valley, N. Y.—

Dear Bro. Moore:—Enclosed 5 cents in stamps for which please send me a souvenir from the Orient and one Freethought button. Will try to send money for Dog Fennel and Blade next month.—OLLIE L. LUCK.

Ada, O.—Find enclosed $3.70 in payment of one copy of that tea you are dishing out to your readers, Dog ———something. I understand the dose is not large but very strong, but I reckon I can stand it.

Also please send a pebble to my wife, or something you secured on your trip, and with the balance push my sub. to the Blade up one notch higher and send a copy for a year to John Young Druggist, Ada, O., and three subscription postal cards to me and I will send you the subs from time to time as I get them.—A. W. CLUTTER.

New Philadelphia, O. — Please change my address; send me pebble from the Orient and put me down for one of Dr. Wilson's books to the Rome Congress.—DANIEL HOCKSTETTER.

Little Hickman, Ky.—Have read Dog Fennel, appreciated it, felt like I was traveling myself or had traveled to the Orient. It is really a gem; you have outdone yourself. Enclosed 10 cents for Infidel button and two or three pebbles.—J. W. OVERSTREET.

Answer.—Cannot send more than one stone or pebble to each; wouldn't have enough to go around.

Central City, Neb.—I saw a notice of your book, "Behind the Bars, 31498," in Pink Iconoclast. Would like to get one if you will tell the price.—M. FLINT.

Comment.—You have a hard name; price $1.00.

Worcester, Mass.—Please send me two of the 3x1—3 buttons.

(The linotype has no matematical sign for equal and we cannot print it right.—Editor Blade.)

Every rational thinker should possess and wear one. Being recognized by Liberals everywhere it would be a means of forming many agreeable acquaintances. It would show a unison f spirit and action that would be beneficial to the cause as well as to individuals. Last spring I sent out the idea to some of the rational brothers, but I do not know that this button is the outcome of that suggestion. The design seems sufficiently of secret orders, and it leaves an opportunity to have the initial letters of any society stamped above and bemystical to be interesting to members low the main design.

Very truly yours,
MANLY A. BRIGHAM.

Chicago, Oct. 13, 1903.

Mr. Charles C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sir:—Some time ago I wrote you that I gave the copy of the Blade that you sent me to some of my guests and now one of them has asked me to order Dog Fennel and one each of the Blade of October 4 and October 11. Please do so and find enclosed $1.25 to pay for some.

Respectfully,
C. AMRINI.

If you ever come to Chicago come to my house. You are welcome.

New York City, 67 E. 85th street.—Herein you will meet one holy ghost that protects us when in need and brings you the message to keep on sending the Blade to me.—A. HAZY.

Lorena, Tex., Oct. 10, 303, E. M.

Mr. James Hughes.—Enclosed find $1.20 for Dog Fennel in the Orient. I have not yet secured the other three subscribers for my club I sent, but that is all right if I never send them, you have the money. I may send in some names for experimental tactics on some of my orthodox friends just for an experiment. I think I could get them to thinking for themselves and eventually become rationalists. Hoping to have the book to read by next Sunday, I wait

Yours truly,
D. F. MARRS.

Bellevlew, Fla.

Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

Der. Bro. Moore.—I enclose 15 cents in stamps for which please send me an infidel badge and a souvenir from the Orient. The rest in papers containing Dr. Wilson's letter on Thomas Paine. Dog Fennel is just fine; am reading it the second time.—MRS. C. KELSEY.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Please find stamps for 10 copies with Dr. Wilson's first letter of October 4 in it. Also send to Mr. J. C. Hannon the Blade for one year for enclosed bill. In my debate with Rev. G. B. M. Clouser I shall try to show that Thomas Paine was a progressive Christian and that "Age of Reason" is a better book of morals than the Bible. The skybuster thinks he is going to have a walkover. He is to be assisted by two D. Ds. It was he that made the public assertion that the Paine house in the city of New York had been torn down and a Bible house erected upon its site. It is a mistake.—JAMES E. ELLIOTT.

Worcester, Mass.—In a recent issue of the Blade you said witches were burned in Salem, Mass. That is a very widespread error. All the women convicted of the impossible crime of witchcraft were marched up to the top of a barren hill and hanged to trees, the bodies being cast over the steep and rugged ledge. One man, Giles Corey, probably because of his superior qualities, was pressed to death. The kind-hearted sheriff in charge pressed the victim's tongue back into his mouth with his cane as it protruded during the torture. No witches were burned to death in Salem, nor in this State.

M. A. B.

Answer.—I recall now that I was mistaken. The common mode of Christian argument has been burning at the stake, but, this time, the stake was a mistake. See? But allee samee like Melican man every honest man and woman should try to destroy the Christian religion, for if it ever gets in power again we will have hanging and burning of heretics just as they did in those good old times.

"Ecresez l'infame!"

Monalda, Me.—Enclosed $1.20 for which please send Dog Fennel.—H. P. S. MATHERS.

Pau'ding O.—Please enclosed find $2.20—$1.00 for the Blades and $1.20 for Dog Fennel in the Orient, and, Mr. Moore, please send me a pebble that I can have set in a ring.—EMMA CORDRAY.

Answer.—I send you a pebble from the miraculous well at Heliopolis. See Dog Fennel.

Salado, Ore.—Mr. Hughes: As my friends are sending for your Dog Fennel, I take the opportunity to send with them. I send $1.30 for postage and clerical expenses. I am sorry I cannot send more for the cause, but may be able to do so later on.—MRS. VINA HODGES.

[illegible], Pa.—I send you $1.00 to [illegible] had better stop it when the time is out as you would probably be sending it to thin air. I am the same age as Editor Moore in years but I have been whittled down to a point like an old pencil.—B. A. GREEN.

Comment.—I hope you will B. A. Green and flourishing tree twenty-five years from now.

Boston, Mass., 22 Village street.

Dear Bro. Moore:—Send me some copies of the dear old Blade. I have been on the sick list for months and am not able to subscribe just yet but later shall forward my subscription. Old papers will be acceptable for I am in Catholic Boston and sure deserve pity. What would Horace Seaver say could he see good old Boston so changed from what it used to be? We have a Paddy Mayor. I am in the shadow of the Paine memorial, but almost all my neighbors are Micks. Hope all good will come to you.—CHARLES A. WESTCOTT.

Grafton, W. Va.—Please send me a souvenir from the Holy Land. I am much pleased with Dog Fennel. I forgot to send the postage when I sent the $1.00, but I want another Dog Fennel for a friend and "Kidder's Virgin Mary" and will send the money for them soon.—W. F. POE.

Titusville, Pa.—Please find enclosed $2.20 for "Dog Fennel in the Orient" and "Behind the Bars, 31498." I think Dr. Wilson's piece on Girard College should be printed in pamphlet. Good piece to show up the damned rascals.—J. B. PEEBLES.

BALM, FLA.—I have read Dr. Wilson's letter in the Blade about his visit to Philadelphia. I cannot find words to express my feelings about the outrage that is being perpetrated against Girard College in the name of holy religion. I am 54 years old and from my young boyhood have held that there was no hell, but when I know of such outrage I think that if there is no hell there ought to be one for such people as are in that college instilling their ideas into children that Stephen Girard provided for. I would cuss but I can't do justice to the subject, but if there is anybody to hire who can guarantee me satisfaction in cussing those fellows I want him by the month. I hope the Blade will keep the good work going.—N. L. CLARK.

Orac'e, Ariz.—I have been an Infidel since I was 18 years old and have a wife and twelve children all the same way, all enlisted in the same cause of emancipating men, women and children from the clutches of the cowardly and lascivious priesthood. I have been a reader of the Blade for some time, though not a subscriber. I now send you $1.00 for your paper for a year. I would send for Dog Fennel but my recollections of my early association with dog fennel are not the most pleasant. I grew up on a plantation, but early shouldered my musket to make "slaves obey your masters."—R. HECKLE.

Kosse, Texas.—Enclosed 20 cents in stamps for which send me four buttons of the Freethought proclivity. Send me a horn of the scapegoat for a souvenir. Put me down for Wilson's book. Just finished Dog Fennel and feel sorter kin to it, as my mother's name was Fennell. I loaned it to several friends and all say it is excellent.—B. W. ALLEN.

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.—Please send paper to enclosed address. I will send you some money soon. The only thing that is troubling me now is that every boy and girl of school age in America cannot get to read the "Dogoned Fennell."—FRANK BURNS.

Franklin, Pa.—Please put me down for one of Dr. Wilson's books, and please send me a relic from the Holy Land. I would like a feather from that old rooster that called Peter down for lying; but any old thing will do. I am not through with Dog Fennel yet, but so far I think it the most entertaining book of travels I ever read.

I can almost imagine I am right there and seeing the same things that Dog Fennel tells about. It is certainly worth twice the price that it is being so'd for. I will try to do something for the Rome Congress fund in a few days.—JOHN RHOADE.

San Francisco, Cal.—Enclosed the coin for four Dog Fennels to following addresses. Gilman is an Atheist, the only infidel in Minnesota State prison. He is a Southern boy, put there for cutting a man who insulted his female relative—good boy, printer, fine scholar. I will get him to give Moore's book a fine send off after reading. Please send me five more of last Blade (No. 32) when you mail next issue to me. Tell Moore I got Lazarus down pat, Moore is a peach on Bible lore.—JOHNSON.

Mt. Sterling, Oct. 13.

Editor Blue Grass Blade.

Dear Sir:—Please send me twenty-five Blades of October 11 and twenty-five of October 4 and find amount for same enclosed. If I had the money I would send papers of Dr. Wilson's letters to every person of this county. I trust that every Liberal will distribute from five to fifty of the two last editions as they ought to be read by every patriot. I have more papers than I can read, including five Freethought papers, but others will read them. What is the claim of being a Liberal good for unless we help our cause in some way or other. Let the writers write, the speakers speak and all support each other as best we can, we must by our own actions show that ours is not an institution of paupers headed by begging priests and preachers. Let us show to the world that we are Liberals indeed and not only in word. Let principles support talent. If you cannot write help those that can write for you; don't wait for your neighbor to act but be yourself a leader in the cause. Some of the reports coming from our enemies may look very gloomy, but don't forget that there was a time when there was but one Christian and there was a time when there was but one Infidel. But judging by our progress in the last twenty-five years we will make more Infidels in fifty years than there were Jews from the call of Abraham to the crossing of Jordon, or Christians from the day of Pentecost to Emperor Constantine. Truth must triumph at last. I would suggest that our party start a speaker fund for the sole purpose of employing our best talent to go from city to city to teach and preach the gospel of Freethought. In this way we can reach millions of people in a short time. We must be up and doing; let us follow the banner of the National Liberal party which floats in our land without a stain, with the inscription equal rights to all.

Put me down for two of Dr. Wilson's books, one Blade Magazine and send me a souvenir of Palestine, possibly of Christ's grave, as his death was the best thing that could happen. Let some of the Liberals hear from them on the speakers' fund. I will head the list with $5.00.

Yours for B. P. I. M.,
EMIL FREDRICH.

Comment.—Gee whiz! aint I sailing? "B. P. I. M." stands for "Bruno, Paine, Ingersoll and Moore."

KIDDER

Must Look to His Laurels—Is "The Virgin Mary" Any Longer It?

I know that "comparisons are odious" and it may not be good taste in me to descant upon relative merits of things that appear in this paper, except, possibly sometimes when I am bragging on myself. For years Kidder's "Virgin Mary" has easily walked off with the cake, over anything that was ever written in Infidel literature (for sale at this office, 10 cents), and I never expected to see anything that would approach it as a caricature. But I am not now so certain that Kidder's "Virgin Mary" is any longer it. Kidder may have to spit on his hands, mend his hold and come again.

"An Interposing Accident," by John F. Clark, of Arlington, Md., while it is not and is not intended to be the uproarious extravaganza that the "Virgin Mary" is, and for the publishing of which I would have been sent to the penitentiary by a United States Court, except that the presiding judge was afraid to risk the reading of it in court, is the most unique job, finished ad unguem, that ever was written as a caricature of the Christian religion. Kidder has too much sense and too good taste to descend to buffoonery and is mild and gentle and even pathetic in his story of the "Virgin Mary," but Clark's story of "Sara" is a gem that will give him a niche in the temple of the immortals and touches any heart that is not obdurate, hard, callous, unsympathetic and unappreciative of the woes of a pretty young woman, the victim of misplaced confidence and unrequited love.

TELLS OF PASSION OF HER PASTOR

HOW THE REV W. C. HAMLEY KISSED MRS. PROUTY.

SENT THE BOY OUT

SHE SAYS PREACHER'S ATTEMPT TO EMBRACE WAS NOT OF HER SEEKING.

WOULD NOT KISS HIM

HE HELD ME BY MAIN STRENGTH AND I THREATENED TO CALL FOR HELP.

Cheney, Wash., Oct. 10.—Mrs. C. A. Prouty, the woman who was kissed by Rev. W. C. Hamley, the Congregational preacher who also admits stealing a pair of trousers from a local store, has taken exceptions to some of the statements said to have been made recently by the deposed preacher in regard to the kissing incident. Rev. Hamley was reported to have accepted a call to a Marysville, Wash., church, after leaving Cheney.

Mrs. Prouty intimates that the preacher tried to do more than kiss her. She has written a statement of her case to The Spokanesman-Review, requesting its publication. Her letter follows:

"Threw His Arms About Me."

"Kind Friends:—I understand that Rev. Hamley has denied his actions at our place, which I wish to say is a mistake. He insulted me the very first call he made. It was the first time I had seen the man to know him. I was by myself except my little boy, 3 years old. He gave the little boy 5 cents to go and gather some flowers and as soon as the boy left the house he came to where I was sitting and threw his arms about me and kissed me and tried to go further.

"I told him I would scream for help if he did not take his hands away from me. I then got away from him and ran.

"Pleaded Forgiveness."

"Mr. Hamley at first denied his actions to my husband and one of the church board, but acknowledged what he had done to my husband and some other neighbors and pleaded to be forgiven. Then to clear himself he wrote two letters, one to Mr. [illegible] one to Rev. Barker, recommending himself and brought them to our place for Mr. Prouty and I to sign. Through sympathy for him we signed those letters. Afterward I could see the trouble he was going to cause us and I called for those letters back and got them, after explaining to the parties how it was.

"Mr. Hamley seemed to be determined to accomplish what he attempted to do while he was at our house. He held me by main strength and I threatened to call for help and saw a lady almost to the door. I felt very much relieved and was glad some one came to my rescue. He kept begging me to kiss him and to put my arms around him, which I would not do. I said I would die first.

"I Kept a Lady's Place."

"I haven't told the worst of Mr. Hamley's talk yet. But if it be necessary I can and will. I can also get proof that he said I did not give him any occasion to do as he did, and I did not. I kept a lady's place with him. I can say, with all earnestness, that Mr. Hamley is not a man of God and he is not to be trusted. I know what I am writing and I would not write anything that I could not swear to and be in the right.

"When he made his acknowledgment he said if he had of had a revolver he would of shot himself for doing as he did, and I was sorry that he didn't happen to have a revolver. I thought at the time that was what he had of better done. I haven't any more sympathy for him and I positively know that he is not what he claims to be.

"Face to Face."

"Now I shall not make a reply to any more of his untruths by letter writing, but if he thinks he can prove guiltless in the case I am willing to talk to him face to face before the public and have this matter settled right. I am right in this case and am telling the truth all the way through. Right is right, and sha'l stand by it although I am fighting against a preacher. Mr. Hamley will have to stand accountable for this great sin he tried to commit—if not by his church people, it will be God that he has to settle with.

"I can not believe that man to be insane. My estimation of it is this: That he is trying to preach God's word and serving the devil all at the same time, which is impossible, and common sense teaches that he could not be successful at both trades. It is plain to see where he is making his failure. His conduct here in Cheney shows that.

"Trying to Deny Truth."

"I am not making Hamley's actions any worse than they were. I have just related as it was and I could swear to it. Hamley made a mistake and he is making it worse by trying to deny the truth. He better realize that his Congregational people are not to be his judge. It doesn't make any difference how our earthly friends judge us, but one thing we should remember—that God knows all we do and all we don't do,

"MRS. C. A. PROUTY."

ised land." The pebble from Olivet, however, is not so highly prized as the one you sent from Quakeracre, for the Kentucky soil that has produced intellects like Josephine K. Henry's and such stalwart defenders of truth as yourself, is more sacred to me than that of the so-called Holy Lands of the East.

If the specimen marked "The Sphinx" is a chip off the old block, I do not wonder from its flinty appearance that the old Egyptian has withstood the storms of suns of centuries without injuring her stability of purpose to withhold from man the secrets of time.

The porous specimen, which was once a super-heated substance from the earth's interior ejected through the crater of Vesuvius, has lost its potency as an agent of God in destroying cities because of the wickedness of the people.

I sincerely thank you for these remembrances and trust that you may continue to give us the many little incidents of your trip, in the Blade, which were crowded out of your book.

Yours sincerely,
HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

P. S.—While moving I took a severe cold and have been in the clutches of the rheumatic demon, hence it is very difficult for me to write. Will send a contribution to the Blade as soon as it is possible for me to do so.

H. C.

ROME CONGRESS FUND

R. C. King, Carlisle, Ky.... 1 book.
Chas. T. Braun, Cincinnati..10 books.
A. M. Krone, Cincinnati, O..10 books.
J. H. Fraser, Cincinnati.... 1 book.
C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky. 5 books.
M. Wamsley, Cincinnati....10 books.
B. Gray, Ashland, Ky...... 2 books.
Capt. Carr, Ashland, Ky.... 2 books.
Noah Coler, Dayton, O ......5 books
J. M. Putnam, Quincy, O. ....5 books
S H Tarr, San Francis ......2 books
R. L. Church, Essex, Mich ....1 book
J. B. H., Cincinnati, O ......10 books.
Louis Roser, Maysville, Ky. ..2 books.
Maj. Gilier, White Hall, Ill ..5 books.
Dr. W. P. Murray, Cincinnati.5 books.
Aaron Koch, E. Sandy, Pa. ..5 books.
J. Hilliard, Leesburg, O. .....5 books.
Kate Unthank, Lawrence, Ks.1 book.
Chas. Macheo, Horton, Ks....5 books.
R. C. Miller, Xenia, O.......1 book.
A. Johnson, Franklin, Cal......1 book
W. D. Harp, Kathleen, Fla., ..1 book
G. M. Cullum, Burke, Idaho,..2 books
A. C. Fisher, N Haven, Conn.,.1 book
Dr. Frank Burns, Wash. D. C., 5 books
Geo. Will, Up. Sandusky, O.,..1 book
W. W. Wallace, Chicago, Ill...1 book
J. F. Gandelot, Oil City, Pa..1 book
C. B. Martin, Blue, Ariz......1 book
Wm. Mulligan, Blue, Ariz.....1 book
Mrs. M. M. Brown, Arlin'on, Ga.1 book
Geo. McCormick, Frenchburg, Ky., donation $15; Wm. Plotts, Whittier, Cal., donation $10; Wm. Plotts, Whittier, Cal., 10 books; Walter Hurt, Denver, Col., 1 book.

Clinton Merrick, Forest City, Ia., [illegible] Chas. B. Kimberly, Circleville, O., [illegible] Margaret [illegible] 1; I. M. Maccomber, [illegible] Geo. S. Peters, Peters Neb., [illegible] Hammer, Bodie, Cal., 1; Chas. W. Moore, Boulder, Mont., 1; S. C. Foglesong, Lancaster, O. 1; C. Maxwell, Gomez, Texas, 1; J. Feudner, Rushville, Ind., 1; C. B. Adams, Lexington, Okla., 1; Elizabeth J. Piercy, Louisville, Ky., 1; F. S. Montgomery, Shepard, O., 1; Isaac Dorey, Paris, Mich., 1; R. L. Baker, Ft. Fairfield, Maine, 20; Dr. F. Fettig 1568 River, Detroit, Mich., 1; J. F. Linton, 11½ N. High St., Columbus, O., 2; John Rhoads, Franklin, Pa., 1; B. W. Allen, Kosse, Texas, 1; W. I. Fox, Capron, Ills., 1; R. D. Moore, 425 E. Laird, Cincinnati, O., 10; R. W. Simpson, Wrangle, Alaska, 1; J. B. Peebles, Titusville, Pa., 1; Sander Soll, Park River, N. Dak., 5; Dan Hockstetler, R. D. No. 2, New Philadelphia, O., 1.

MRS. MILLIGAN,

Aged 89, is Reading "Dog Fennel."

The widow of Rev. President Robert Milligan, he being the gentleman who is mentioned in Dog Fennel, in connection with the Bible story of Judas Iscariot, she being 89 years old, is reading "Dog Fennel."

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Saint Louis.

FOR SALE

For the Benefit of Mrs. Hammer Soma of My Personal Articles.

I have for sa'e for the benefit of Mrs. Hammer, of Newton, Ia., whose husband is in tha penitentiary becausa he is an Infidel, the following articles:

Ona cap that I wore in the penitentiary and one cap that I wore on the cruise to the Orient.

Also one tabla that was bought for me and put in my cell in Paris, Ky., when I was imprisoned by the preachers and distillers.

It is the table upon which I wrote Dog Fennel.

On each of the caps I have a reserve bid of $5.00 and on tha table a reserved bid of $25.00.

I will sell these articles to the ona who will pay the most over those amounts between now and 12 o'clock next Christmas day, I to have the privilege of accepting any bid at any time between now and then.

I will deliver these goods and the gross amount will be paid to Mrs. M. Emma Hammer at Newton, Ia.

I may be mistaken, but I believe What heart now can a man in my fix, busted all to the devil, without enough money to pay for a popular coffin for my old carcass, have to go ahead in the work I am doing?

I appreciate, certainly, the honor you have done me. I would not swap the kind words that you have spoken to me, and of me, for the aggregate $100,000,000 of my three neighbors, Haggin, Harkness and Keene, whose farms are in sight all around me with ten times all the race horse glory, beside, that those three men have; but, for all that, it cuts me, and cuts deep when, for months after months, I have to beg of 15,000 people to subscribe at 50 cents a year the poor, pitiful little measely, mangy, cross-eyed, bow-legged sum of $500 to start a Magazine that I know and you know would be the most valuable Magazine in the world, and that's no blowing my own bazoo because when I went to the Orient and did not even sea the Blade, everybody in the United States except Mrs. Henry, in a private letter to my wifa, said the Blada was better when I was on tha other side of the world than it was when I was writing for it.

If you don't send the subscriptions for the Blade Magazine pretty fast after this appears to you, I am going to quit fooling with it any mora but it will always stick in my craw that you didn't do it.

ANOTHER SOUVENIR

For Sale for tha Benefit of Mrs. Hammer.

In addition to tha other things I have offered for sale for the benefit of Mrs. Hammer is tha tapeline—5 feet long—with which I measured the stones in the pyramid of Cheops. I will send it to the first one that offers me $2.50 for it, or to the highest bidder above that. It is in perfect order—that is the tapelina is; the pyramid is somewhat out of repair.

[illegible]E-WAY COLONISTS TICKETS via [illegible] ROUTE.

To Kansas, Colorado, Missouri, New Mexico. Tickets will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of each month until April 19, 1904, at reduced rates. For information apply to agent or G. E. Clarke, T. P. A., 83 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

Are you thinking of taking a trip to the Pacific coast? From September 15th to November 30th the Rock Island makes an exceptionally low rate. Full information may ba had by addressing G. D. Bacon, D. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A PENNY

Invested in a Postal Card may be tha means of saving you considerable money on your tickets

TO THE

WEST AND NORTH-WEST

Will have on sale daily until November 30 exceptionally low colonist rates to the above territory.

HOME SEEKERS

Tickets will also be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of each month up to April, 1904, to points in the

WEST AND SOUTH-WEST

Full information as to Rates, Time of Trains, etc., can be obtained by addressing

W. E. SMITH, Trav. Pass. Agt. D. G. EDWARDS, Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Cincinnati, O.

Where Jesus Was Buried.

In a report from Ca'cutta of September 28 occurs the following:

In the same issue of the Review is announced "an important discovery regarding Jesus Curist." This "discovery" is that "Jesus did not die upon the cross,' but was "taken down alive and senseless." Subsequently the son of Mary "recovered, traveled eastward and lived up to a good old age." His tomb, it is also stated,, is "situated in the Khan Yar street at Srinagar, Cashmere."

Says tha Raview: "The incontrovertible testimony afforded by the tomb itself, backed as it is by the unanimous oral testimony of hundreds of thousands of men, and by the written evidence of ancient documents, becomes in our opinion too strong to be resisted by the most determined skeptics."

(For the Blue Grass Blade.)

AN INTERPOSING ACCIDENT

THE PROPHET HAS SPOKEN WITH HIS HOLY TONGUE

AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT CAME OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

"Behold a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel."

And it came to pass at a certain hour and a certain day that a virgin conceivad and was with child, and her father saith unto his wife, her mother: "Wherefora is our Sara in such a fix? It becometh not a virgin to be so defiant of public censure."

And the good wife saith unto him: "I have just interrogated the daughter anent her appearance and sha saith she hath to ber certain knowledge not known man."

"Then," saith the father, "there be a miracle wrought unto our house, for, of a surety, Sara is in it.

Now Sara Ben Sion was comely and good to look upon, even in her perplexity and she felt keenly the shafts of malice and barbs of spite which frolicsome maidens aimed at her vulnerable condition, so Sara wept and was off her feed and the Ben Sion family was sore sad and much lamented. And it behooved the father of Sara to send forthwith for Rabbi Har Sinal.

Now the Rabbi Har Sinai was much esteemed throughout Judea for learning and he straightway made for the tent of Ben Sion and when Ben Sion saw Rabbi Har Sinai a long way off he ran to meet him and they fell upon each other's necks and wept a great weep ,the extent of which was like unto the Dead Sea for saltiness.

When at last the whiskers of Ben Har Sinai were untangled and set to rights once more they fell to talking at a great rate and their course was thus:

"O, Rabbi Har Sinai, sad is the tent of Ben Sion, for it is grievously perplexed. My only daughtar, Sara, a virgin who hath not known man to a verity, is in it." So said Sara's father.

And Rabbi Har Sinai lifted up his voice and said: "Heavy is they household with grief, O, Ben Sion, but thy grief shall be turnad into joy, for it hath been prophesied, "Behold a virgin shall be with chi'd, and shall bring forth a son, and thay shall call his name Emmanue',' so be of good cheer and lift up thy voice in sounds of praise and joy, for it is written, 'A man child shall ba born of a virgin and shall rule my peopla Israel, and restore the kingdom to David and shall smite the Roman even as Goliath was smitten.'"

good to look upon, even in her perway to the habitation of Ban Sion and when Miriam ,tha mother of Sara, saw them in such good spirits sha called unto Sara:

"Sara, cease thy lamentations, for Rabbi Har Sinai bringeth good tidings." And Sara left off weeping to satisfy her curiosity at the men's jubilation. And when Rabbi Har Sinai had said to Miriam and Sara even as he had said to Ben Sion, there was much rejoicing at the coming evant, which had hitharto cast such g'oomy shadows before it.

"Our grief hath turned to joy as the apple juica to cider and the grapa to wina," saith Ben Sion. "And a maiden's tears are no longer those of anguish but of exceeding graat joy," saith Sara.

"And a mother's woe is wafted by the spiced winds of Arabia," quoth Miriam.

"And the father is no longer the father of a wanton, but the grandfather of the unborn Messiah," saith Ben Sion.

"O, happy Ben Sion," saith Rabbi Har Sinai, "great is thy happiness throughout all the land of Judea. There is nona that equaleth tha selected as thou art to rear the Prince of the House of David; O great Jehovah what a blessing hath befallen thy servant Ben Sion!"

Alleluia! Alleluia!! Alleluia!!! shouted they all. Rabbi Har Sinai then unfolded a p'an as follows:

Sara was to proceed with men servants and maid servants and beasts of burden to Bethlehem in order that the prophecy might be fulfilled, whilst Rabbi Har Sinai sent summons to tha four wisa men at the four corners of tha earth to hasten and be present at the birth of the son of David ,the liberator of Judea.

And it came to pass that four men, from four different corners of the earth, saw the Star of Bethlehem, and each one exclaimad "I saw it first," and each looked at his watch and saw that it was the ninth hour of the ninth day of the ninth year of the reign of Herod Atipas, and so recorded it in the book of wisdom.

And it came to pass that old Boreas from the North and Ant Arctic from the South and Occidento from the West and Orienti from the East each set out upon a camel and each brought much presents of myrrh and frankincense and other exotica and narcotics, yea, even the far-famed poppy juice of Ind.

After so long a time each of the four wise men came to the skirts of Bethlehem and enquired whare Sara Ben Sion was registered and were told that she was at the Hostelry Judea, and that Rabbi Har Sinai was very anxious that they hurry as the great event was at hand.

The Big Four waited only to tether their camels and then made hasta to attend the birth of the Prince of the house of David.

When all had been admitted to the place of accouchment of the virgin, Rabbi Har Sinai said: "O, wise and learned men from the four corners of the earth, piloted hither by the Star of Bethlehem I desire that ye witness the birth of the Savior of Judea, tha Messiah of the ten tribes of Israel. I herewith place this sword of Solomon upon this couch so that the Prince may grasp it and begin to wield it from infancy, so that ha may know that to him is given the leadership that he may strike down tha Roman conqueror and bring joy and peace and gladness to the people Israel forever."

The Big Four answered and said: "We be witnesses to the facts, O, Jerusalem."

The end of the Holy pregnancy being at an end the arrival of the newcomer was heralded by itself, in a wail of woe which was taken up in chorus by all present, for it was a girl that was born to the tribe of Ben Sion and its name to this day is Nuff Said.

JOHN F. CLARK.

Arlington, Md. Sept. 27, 1903.

OVERDOSE OF RELIGION

Knocks a Lexington Man Crazy and He Writes Me a Letter

I have heard of a thousand men and women that were very religious and very crazy, but I never knew or heard of an Infidel going crazy.

An average Christian don't have far to go when he goes crazy. During the war when it was very dificult to get small money a man wrote to George D. Prentice and asked him "What shall I do to make small change?" Prentice did not like the man and in his paper replied: "Turn fool; it will be the smallest change you can make.

This Lexington brother seems to have a pretty bad case of it. He addresses his letters to me as "Rev. C. C. Moore," and in a separate note in his communication says "Mr. C C. Moore please publish this in the Blue Grass Blade—R. M. Lexington. Ky."

The poor fellow is evidently clear off his nut, but he is no crazier than the parts of the Bible that he quotes and he is evidently onto the old Book.

He has in the communication a pen diagram of his own get up that represents the people being dispersed from the Tower of Babel.

The pages in his letter are not numbered and I can't tell from tha context (?) the order in which they come, but it seems to begin with a postscript marked as usual, P. S.

I hava many times heard that the postscript of a woman's letter was always tha most important part of the letter and ought to come first, but this is the first letter of that kind I aver got, and tha manuscript of this one seems to be that of a man. A sample of the letter, which is quite long, is as follows:

"P. S. The man that had the name Jesus has no nama, sinca the Holy Ghost left his body while the Holy Ghost was in his body his body was called temple—temple Rent in twain, his Body his testament: has no Part in the next comeing of the christ to the Whole Wor d, see Mat 3.1. temple there is the Body the Flesh of the christ: now to the Whole World the christ now that is coma and opened the gate to all is called son of man in heb 2 c that gate ajar stands free for all: who seek salvation. Divine Spirit is not the eternal spirit. Divine spirit is what the man took from the 3. ch of nahum and Put it down in Revelation—where it reads a woman Reigns over 9 mountains and the Black horses the 8 white horses 8 Bay horses the Junning chariots.h so the ru lers in America Built their national creed on it: they put her Image on the silver coin and mada an Image of har and Put it on top of the capitol of the United States and call her goddess of Liberty. that woman an nahum 3.4. is a catholic widow. so goddess of Liberty is on the False Prophets weight. is that the reason America has not offered har silvar to"

"Here endeth the first lesson"—one page. Any man of common sense who could see this letter that I have received would say that the writer is a poor unfortunate insana man, and yet that man is no mora insane than any high-salaried skybuster in Lexington, Catholic or Protestant, except on tha supposition that the priest or preacher really knows batter and is simply lying for the money that's in his job.

The whole Bible story upon which the Christian religion is built is crazier than this poor fellow "R. M." in Lexington.

That Bible story is that 6,000 years ago God made the first man and woman at the same time, out of dust. Then he made the first man and made the first woman over again and made the man out of dust and some time afterward—probably about washday, Monday a week—found that the man needed "help" and made the man go to sleep and sawed a bone out of his side and made the first woman out of it. Then a snake came walking into the garden whera the two were raising vegetables for the market, the snake being dressed up in his Sunday swallow-tail coat and stove-pipe hat, and induced the woman to eat an "apple" as generally understood, or a watermelon, according to one learned Christian expositor, then God got on his ear and said he was going to sand everybody to hell because that woman ate that apple, or watermelon, and then he concluded that he would not do that so he became the father of himsalf by a Jew girl and said that everybody that believed that story should go to heaven and all that didn't should go to hell, and, as for myself, I would rather go to hell than believe it. The only differance between tha insanity (or worsa)of the preachers and priests and that of "R. M." is that we have heard the ravings of the skybusters until we have gotten used to it, while they generally shut up such a man as poor "R. M." in the lunatic asylum and he does not often get a chance to speak his piece. You may take the craziest man in the Eastern Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, at Lexington, and fill him up on whisky and cocaine until he has a first class case of the James-jams and ha could not, so save him from being hung, write any crazier piece than that Bible story that I have given you which is the backbone of the whole Christian religion and there is not a priest or preacher in Lexington that does not know that he is a dead beat and is beating a gang of fools and dupes out of thair money by lying to them.

MT. STERLING ON DECK.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., Oct. 1903.

Messrs. C. C. Moore and Hughes:

My Dear Friends—Please find enclosed $1.00 as follows: 75 cents for five Blades each week as long as that lasts and 25 cents for the "Poor Fund."

As I am not ab'a to supply food for the bodies of the poor, being poor myself, I will do what little I can to supply some one with the Blue Grass Blade, the best mental food on earth—a regular "cure all" for all kinds of superstition.

I stake my reputation upon the statement that any person who reads the Blue Grass Blade, once a week, for a year, will agree with me that every lunatic asylum in the land is directly caused by orthodox religion. I notice from observation in this city that several people for a year's trial, are just convalescing from that dreadful disease called faith.

Jesus Christ says if we have faith as a mustard seed we can remove mountains, but I say unto you Infidels that if you have faith as a good sized potato you can move the whole State—people, Governor and all, but the faith must be in yourselves; not in Jesus Christ. The priests are dishonest. Don't think yourselves only a lump of depravity, fit only for kindling wood for hell. Some people tell me that talk like this will injure my business (he is a florist-editor). That may be true, to some extent I know the persecuting spirit of the Christianna of the middle ages still lingers in the minds of tha people, but that is the very thing we want to combat; the very wrong that we want to get out of the minds of the people. Infidels must stand erect and speak the truth without fear or favor.

I would rather perish trying to do right than to accept a heaven with hypocrites and with saints and angels thrown in for good count.

These big-necked, charity-fed priests will sell you a bushel of lies for a dime. One of our local preachers told me that if I talked as I do I would injure my business; but, in spite of his threatening, I have continued my talking, and my trade is increasing constantly. I have lost a few undeveloped minds, but havo gained the better class of people generally.

Why are tha preachers unwilling to debate with us if thay believe they have the truth on their side?

I challenge any preacher in this city to open debate, and will accept any challenge from them, and I will affirm or deny, as suits them.

Wake up, Infidels, and help our cause, wherever and whenever you can.

Don't give your mites to an impossible absurdity called God, but use your hard earnings to save some of the enslaved minds of your neighbors. Support our papers; buy some extras, and give them to others to read, no matter how dry and hard their brain soil may be. A few Liberal seeds may take root and grow to be mighty trees of Freethought.

EMIL FREDERICK.

Comment.—Jesus Christ talked about seed that other men sowed; this brother talks about seed he sows himself.

Send your preachers marked copies of this. Brother. I know their policy is to lie still (and still lie) like an old 'possum and "tend like they is daid," but it gets it in for them all the sama.

FROM A YOUNG GIRL.

Did Me $100 Worth of Good—I Send Her My Last Pebble from the "Miracu'ous" Well at Heliopolis in Egypt.

Mr. Charles C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps to cover postage for a relic from the Orient. It will be greatly prized and I shall always keep it. I have read Dog Fennel and I like it so much and have started to read it again.. I have read Behind the Bars three times and I could read it as many times more and it never would get old. I like to read the Blade and although I am a young girl I am as anxious to get it as papa is.

Your little friend,

MINNIE SOLL.

Park River, N. D., Oct. 20, 1903. Box 138.

Eastwood, O.—Please change my address. I am teaching school here—two big churches in a stone's throw of the school housa. Big meeting begins tonight. I am 19 years of age and have been teaching school for two years. Have been an Infidel for about five years. The so-called Christians here have not brains enough to meet me in discussion, so they just taka what I say. Every time I get a chance in my teaching I expose a Bible miracle and make all kinds of fun of it. Will send an order for Dog Fennel when I renew my subscription in about a month.—G. C. SCOTT.

Antone Ora., Oct. 11, '03.

You will find enclosed $5.00 for the Rome-Wilson fund and I will say that I hope that we can raise $1,000 or more to send Dr. Wilson to Rome to attend the Congress to be held there. He should have plenty of money to go with, not like a beggar, and I believe that I am as poor as anyone that belongs to the N. L. P., and I can stand $5.00 or mora. I want the doctor to go to St. Petersburg, Russia, and see the Czar of all the Russians, and then write a book what the people are lika, if slaves or not; and I will want a book if he writes one.

Your friend.

NELSON BARNHOUSE.

Brother W. W. Wallace, of Chicago, prefers that the price of his subscription to Dr. Wilson's book be deposited in the bank. Tha dollar has been received and deposited together with ona received from William Tulick, of Wood Lake, Neb.

Brother H. Hook, of Cincinnati, will want one of Dr. Wilson's books when published.

A little young female Atheist child submits her first contribution to tha columns of the Blade:

Sweetheart.

There is a little bird that sings
Sweetheart.
I know not what his name may be,
I only know his notes please ma
As loud he sings, and thus sings he
Sweetheart.

And like that bird my heart sings too
Sweetheart.
If heavens are dark or bright or blue
As trees are bare, or leaves are new
It thus sings on and sings of you—
Sweetheart.

What need of other words than this
Sweetheart.
If I should sing the whole year long
My love would not be shown more strong
Than by this short and simple song
Sweetheart.

—ADFASA.

Cincinnati.

In my feeble effort I have accomplished three things within—comparatively speaking—the past few months. I have succeed in having a large number of Blade readers to contribute short articles on "Why I am an Atheist;" I have inaugurated the plan of sending postage as extra on Dog Fennel and have started the Rome-Wilson Fund in a trust company.

I am glad I did all these three things for I believe they were and are for the good of the cause.

My column, "N. L. P." is getting along fairly well, but not well enough to suit. I do not receive enough contributions. My strong specialty is "compiling" and getting copy ready for the printer. I wish people would write their ideas on various topics and send them into me. I will fix it up for print.

Another thing I wish to speak about. I want the children to write. In fact this is the main thing I want to speak about. I want to get in touch with the young. Let them write their thoughts and criticism about the Bible stories and any other thing they feel inc'ined about. Let them write on one side of paper only and send the copy to me. I will fix it for publication. They can adopt a nom-de-plume or sign their name in full. If they use a nom-de-plume I wish they would send their real name along—not for publication. But I prefer that each child sign its full name to every item.

I hope the mothers will encourage the little ones in this enterprise. It will prove of everlasting benefit to them. It will "bring them out," as it were. It will make them fearless and independent. For all we know we might discover a second Wilson, Henry or Closz.

I await contributions.

Brunswick, Me., Oct. 22. 1903.

Mr. Morris Sachs. Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find $1.00 for one book to the "Rome-Wilson Fund." The Doctor's articles in the Blade are great. I wish it was possible for Mrs. Henry to go too. What a treat we would get on their raturn! I wish all who do their own thinking could get the Blade. I send mine where I know it will be read by several others and the result is a little club of five bava subscribed for it. My friend who has the time and secured these thinks he will get some more this winter.

Hoping the fund is growing rapidly I remain, Yours sincerely.

I. S. CURTIS.

In sending a dol'ar to the N. L. P. Mrs. Eliza W. Haines, of New Marion, Ind., also enclosed a dollar for Rome-Wilson Fund. Thanks.

Through the courtesy of Brother Morgan Wamsley I have received a check for $20 from Vica President William Platt, of Whittier, Cal. Ten dollars of said sum is intended for the Rome-Wilson Fund and the other ten to be used in helping defray the expenses at the coming Congress of the National Liberal Party to ba held at St. Louis next summer.

Cross Plains, Wis., Oct. 15.

Enclosed I send you one dollar for Dr. Wilson's Rome Fund, but will take two books and also a book of his poems as soon as publishede. Also one dollar for dues to the N. L. P.

Yours tru'y,

A. M. PARTRIDGE.

Mr. Lee Penman, of Tyrone, Ia., has an interest in the Rome-Wilson Fund in the sum of $1.00. Mr. Aaron Davis, of Frederick, Md., wants two of Dr. Wilson's books when published. I also acknowledge receipt of $1 for the N. L. P.

Lewisville, Minn.—Enclosed $1.35 for Dog Fennel, also please send me some relics from the Holy Land and one of your Infidel buttons. Can you inform me of the whereabouts of B. F. Underwood and wife?—CHAS. P. BISSELL.

Answer.—I do not know about Bro. Underwood and wife; supposed he was dead years ago. I hope somebody will inform you.

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NOW HAS A FULLY EQUIPPED JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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I hope that friends from a distance as well as in Lexington will give Mr. Hughes a trial. I believe he will get up your work for you, postage prepaid quite as good and as cheap as it can be done anywhere else.

Please give him a trial, even if it is only a small order, and report your experience to the Blade.

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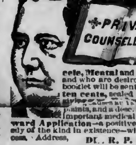

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Dr. Fellows has cured so many advanced and difficult cases of a private nature which were looked upon as incurable that he is now considered, far and near, as the most reliable and trustworthy physician in his specialty.—*Editor American Journal of Health.*

"Dr. Fellows has, for a number of years held an enviable reputation in the medical line, and has made a specialty of a number of diseases, thereby becoming familiar with them and enabling him to treat them successfully. He is well-known as a pronounced advocate in all lines of free thought. and stands well in his profession wherever he is known.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

HER REASON.

Polly's godmothar gave her a Bibla when she was eight years, and one day Polly's mother found her reading some passages in the Old Testament which were full of "hell fire" and "the wrath of God" and other appalling things. The child looked up thoughtfully as her mother entered the room, and said, "Mamma, I have always had such a very pleasant impression of God that I think I shall not read the Bible any more, if you don't mind."

E. SHACKELFORD.

Comment—The man who wrote that is an ignoramous, and the Harpers who printed it are no better. The idea of "hell fire" is not in the Old Testament, but is found galore in tha New Testament.

One fare plus $2 for the round trip to points in Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico via Rock Island System. Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Let G. D. Bacon, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., tell you about it.

NEW YORKERS JEER "ELIJAH"

Dowie Descends to the Vulgar in His Effort to Make Impression in New York—Audience Became Disgusted at His Coarseness and Completely Drowned Applause of the "Host" in Their Hisses—Show No Respect For the "Prophet."

New York, Oct. 18.—"Elijah III" once more tonight set on the edge the teeth of his audience in Madison Square Garden with the exception of course of the "Host," who responded with affirmation to his every utterance, even when it became obscene.

His remarks were again of the most rambling sort and he has now convinced the New Yorkers that he is not only no orator, but is even unable to follow a single train of thought for more than a dozen words.

"I come to you," said he, "to get your hearts and after I get them I will get down into your pockets."

Then contradicting himself he said: "Of course I came to New York for money, but you dirty stinkpots you haven't any money."

Jeers and hisses greeted this sally of the "Prophet," which were loud enough to drown the counteracting sound of the Zion "Host."

Sam Jones had his mouth mashed lately by running it up against a man's fist, and old Tony Comstock has been thrown down the steps so as to break one of his ribs and got "kicked on the hip so that he could not sit down," and now I suppose Dowie stands a pretty good chance to get licked by somebody. Some people are like postage stamps—no good until you lick 'em. I hope somebody will give Dowie a good thrashing. The man deserves it and he never can make a success of his church until he can pose as a martyr and I want to see him succeed.

I want Dowie to start another big church. I want the people to see that these great religious leaders are great rascals, and that the bigger the rascal the more apt he is to succeed as a religious leader. But the words, "You dirty stinkpots, you haven't any money," is evidently a plagiarism from Sam Jones' style, that I am afraid Dowie won't win out on that line.

I want to see him win, but I do hope some fellow will give him a first-class larruping.

(Lexington Leader.)

DOWIE A BLACKGUARD.

There are persistent evidences that New York is growing intensely weary of Dowie, the "Prophet," who lays the flattering unction to his soul that he is the second Elijah and that his divinely appointed mission is to "restore something."

New York as a rule doesn't mind being humbugged a little just like any other city, simply because New York is in the business to a large extent herself, but Dowie is rubbing the thing in on Gotham and quite naturally and quite properly she resents it, and ought to resent it. The intelligent people of the country who have been watching the antics of this ill-tempered, foul-mouthed blackguard, vulgarian and egotist are satisfied that he is an imposter and hypocrite and it is doubtless only a question of time when Gotham will do him bodily harm if he doesn't gather up his "host" and scoot back to Zion City, where his word is law among the intellectual weaklings who do his bidding and bow down to his mandates with the docility of slaves awed by the authority of a master.

Dowie has shown himself to be both a brute and mountebank, masquerading in the livery of a heaven-inspired messenger of peace, a money-getter, for the sake of money alone, a charlatan who hasn't even the brains to make his claims appear plausible.

New York has shown Dowie up in his true colors for which the country is grateful.

(Courier-Journal.)

DOWIE.

The pilgrimage of John Alexander Dowie to New York with several thousand of his deluded followers is a spectacle which excites feelings difficult to analyze clearly. If he be a charlatan who uses the guise of a religionist to magnify his own consequence at the expense of many misguided dupes there is nothing that can be said too severe in condemnation of his acts, which in the end can only bring reproach upon the religion he caricatures. If, on the other hand, he be an unbalanced enthusiast, led into extremes by the success of his teachings, there can only be pity for such misguided energy. The bare possibility of this latter being the case leads to some tolerance. There are, however, features of his proceedings which show too much method to imply mental aberration and too much worldly learning to invest them with genuine religious inspiration.

Assuming the character and name of a prophet, he has gone to New York to condemn its worldliness and to warn its sinners of their inevitable fate unless they repent. Yet his performances have more the worldly display of a Wild West show than the lowly ministrations of Elijah or John the Baptist. The former craved nothing more sumptuous than water and cakes made with meal, and was content to be fed by ravens. The latter, St. Mark tells us, "was clothed with camel's hair and a girdle of a skin about his loins, and he did eat locusts and wild honey." And when they went about doing good they walked, and were meek, suited to their calling. Now contrast Elijah II, as Dowie calls himself, with this type of prophet or evangelist. He travels in a gorgeous palace car, living on the best of flesh and fowl, and stopping in New York at one of the most fashionable hotels with a superb suite of rooms for himself and family. Instead of camel's hair and a girdle of skins on his loins, he is fashionably dressed with a long coat and high silk hat, while his daughter is reported to have been robbed of a $1,500 diamond. But whether charlatan or not, he amuses New York, and the evidences of his abounding wealth no doubt recalls the flush times there before the slump in Wall street. Having gone up like a rocket, there will be general curiosity to see him come down like a stick.

AUDIENCE HOWLED

With Delight When Carrie Nation Arose and Challenged "Prophet" Dowie to Combat—"Egged On" the Saloon Smasher, Who Was Finally Taken From Madison Square Garden By Police, Followed By Two Thousand People—Dowie's Meeting Then Ended for Night.

New York, Oct. 20.—John Alexander Dowie's Zion City show at Madison Square Garden encountered an opposition performance tonight, and that right in its midst.

This opposition was nothing less than the advent of Carrie Nation, of Kansas, the saloon smasher, who rose up in the garden and challenged "Elijah III" to open combat.

A passage at arms between the twin stars tickled the large audience in the garden, which had still been drawn in curiosity to see the exhumations from Dowie's peculiar vocabulary to the very cockles of its Gothamite heart.

They howled in every delirium of unexpected glee and greeted the sallies of the Kansas saloon smasher with applause, egging on the heroine fugitive as they would have liked to egg on the "Prophet" literally.

Carrie was hustled from the garden by the police, followed by about 2,000 of the audience, and the meeting practically ended.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER BOOK

THE Dishonesty of a Christian Clergyman Shown by W. A. Croffut in Washington Post.

The assertion that General Washington wrote a prayer book must now be settled adversely. In the Post of July 13, the Rev. Clarence E. Ball, rector of Grace church in Alexandria, replying to my declaration that Washington was a Deist and not a Christian made the following statement:

"In Christ church, Alexandria, Va., at 7 a. m., on the anniversary of his (Washington's) death, I assisted the rector of that church in a memorial service of him who was in his lifetime a vestryman and supporter of that church. The rector placed in my hand a manuscript book of "Prayers for Family and Private Use," bearing the well-known signature and entirely indited in the handwriting of George Washington. My part in the service was to read one of the prayers—they were for morning and evening of every day of the month—and I read that for the given day which we were observing. It was full to overflowing of deep spirituality, betokening a high sense of spiritual communion with God, profound bewailing of sin, that could only be pardoned by the Father of all through the sacrificial death of his only begotten son, which he pleaded most humbly. I might add so humbly and piteously that, seeing the deep repentance of heart under the cloak of those words, I was moved so deeply as to need a pause in which to regain my self-control before I could read on."

I promised the Post that I would ascertain whether this statement was correct or not. I have done so. I did not believe that Washington ever wrote such a book, but merely said: "Bring on the book." The challenge has been ignored—by the Rev. Mr. Ball, by the rector of Christ church, by N. W. Gibbs, by Judge McCalmont, and by Washington's relatives. The reason for their reticence appears to be that there is not and never was any such book.

I went to Alexandria on Thursday to find the two ministers above mentioned. Both were absent on their vacations. But I did find the "prayer book" on sale there, and obtained one. It is not an original, but purports to be a facsimile of an alleged 'Manuscript book written by George Washington." This facsimile is the book which Mr. Ball held in his hand in 1899, for the original had been sold by Washington's heirs in a Philadelphia auction eight years before, and had never been seen by them ng that this facsimile was "in the handwriting of George Washington." He was mistaken in saying that it contained his signature. He was mistaken in saying that it contained sixty prayers, for it contained only eight and a half. Mr. Lawrence Washington informs me that this is all there were in the original. Ministers, after they regain their self-control, ought to be more accurate.

But if the photographic duplicate is not "entirely indited in the handwriting of George Washington," the original was alleged to be, because the letters had an antique slant somewhat resembling the writing at the beginning of the last century. Besides, the paper was brown. So the prayers were alleged to have been copied by Washington, even if he did not compose them.

The merest casual inspection makes this doubtful, and an expert inspection dispels the claim. In the first place, of the 3,300 words in the prayers every word is spelled right. The Father of his Country was notoriously a bad speller. In his familiar letters, of which he left many thousand behind, we find such words as winder, oy', hatt, glew, ribon, cond, chearfull, tribble, kirb, dauncing, comicle, shott, bason and sensable. He allured to two of the colors on the flag as being "redd & blew." He tells how many he "rid," charges himself with a "kag of beer and barrell cyder," and speaks in French of making "a faupas." The clothes of his soldiers were "thread hear." Yes, the fact that every word in the facsimile prayer book is spelled conventionally indicates that Washington did not even copy it.

There is much other evidence. One of this country's experts in chirography is the historian, Worthington C. Ford. No other living man is so familiar as he with Washington's handwriting; in fact, he has probably read more of Washington's original letters than any other man, living or dead, except Washington himself. He does not hesitate to declare that the prayer book (of which he has seen the original) is not in Washington's handwriting. This would seem to settle that phase of the question.

The author of the prayer book speaks of "my natural corruption and vileness." Does this sound like Washington? He supplicates, "Suffer me not to be drawn from thee by the cunning of the devil." Does that sound like Washington?

A member of the first President's cabinet says that when Washington saw Randolph's pamphlet he exclaimed, "By the eternal God, he is the damnest liar on the face of the earth!" During the French imbroglio, Washington said, according to Hamilton, that "by God, he had rather be in his grave than in his present position." Brig. Gen. John Scott said: "When Washington found Lee retreating he swore like an angel from heaven." The result of his use of expletives seems to indicate that the name of the Lord was never taken by him in vain.

Where did this prayer book called "Washington's" come from? It was not the outpouring Washington's sanctimoniousness by a good deal. It is not in his handwriting. It was evidently copied by somebody from some of those compilations of "Family Prayer," of which every family possessed one a hundred years ago. Which one? To answer this question I have this week made a search through the Congressional Library and have found great tomes of obsolete devoutness. There was "Rev. Charles Stuart's collection, 1814;" "Prayers for Use of Families, Rev. William Jay, 1820;" "Family Prayers, Rev. S. Palmer, 1811." Behind them all I found "Supplications of Saints, Rev. Thomas Sorocold, 1619." This was interesting. It was printed in the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, almost three centuries ago, and it contained "three prayers of Queen Elizabeth," written probably in the same way that Washington wrote his, and perhaps just before she beheaded Queen Mary. It was published only seven years after the great English Bible was printed, and was a compilation of "Morning and Evening Prayers." The third prayer that met my eye looked familiar. Yes! Sure enough! I had found the source of Washington's prayer book. Below, in parallel columns, are two versions of one of the prayers, side by side:

Sorocold (Original) 1619.

O Lord God, most mighty and merciful father, I, thine unworthy creature, acknowledge my own vileness, natural corruption, and abominable sins, many times and divers ways committed against thee; so that I am not worthy to come near thy sanctuary or to trust the uttermost limits of the place wherein thine honor dwelleth. Yet I beseech thee for his sake in whom thou art so well pleased, my Lord Jesus Christ, vouchsafe to admit me to render bounden thanks for thy manifold mercies extended toward me this night past and all other times of my life; for my rest and sleep, my food and raiment, my health, peace and liberty, and the hope of a better life in the merits of thy dear Son's bitter passion. And, dear Father, I beseech thee to continue thy merciful favor unto me this day and ever hereafter. Prosper all my lawful undertakings; let me have all my directions from thy will, and my success from thy merciful hand.

Washington (Bogus) 1903.

O Lord our God, most mighty and merciful Father, I, thine unworthy creature and servant, do once more approach thy presence, though not worthy to appear before thee because of my natural corruptions, and the many sins and transgressions which I have committed against thy divine majesty. Yet I beseech thee, for the sake of him in whom thou art well pleased, the Lord Jesus Christ, vouchsafe to admit me to render deserved thanks and praises for thy manifold mercies extended toward me; for the quiet, rest and repose of the past night, for food, raiment, health, peace, liberty and the hopes of a better life through the merits of thy dear Son's bitter passion. And, O kind Father, continue thy mercy and favor to me this day and ever hereafter. Prosper all my lawful undertakings; let me have all my directions from thy Holy Spirit and success from thy bountiful hand.

The second prayer, from the anonymous prayer book sold as Washington's, is not a verbatim copy, but no man who reads both can fail to see that it is a close paraphrase of it. Other examples of devoutness in Washington's Prayer Book" have a similar origin, but I have already trespassed as long as I ought upon your valuable room. Enough has been revealed to make the Rev. Mr. Ball more careful about his statements—perhaps—and to show the rector of Christ church that the prayer which he has credited to George Washington was the output of a British priest two centuries before Washington was born, when "the wisest fool in Christendom" was on the throne.

BRANN'S ICONOCLAST

For November is a Paper That Good People Ought to Endorse.

Many of you know that I have been opposed to Brann, and to his Iconoclast, during his life and since his death.

That he was what is called a "brilliant writer" and a "word painter," no competent critic doubted, but he encouraged various immoralities, and, under a disguise, encouraged Catholicism.

Any man had just as much right to defend the Catholic religion, if he believes in it, and does it openly, and honestly as I have to defend Infidelity in that way, but no man has any right to defend anything, or do anything else, under any disguise.

It may be, yet, for all I know to the contrary, that the Iconoclast is still a Jesuit paper, and that its managers, having seen that its true character had been discovered, have decided to take more pains to hide its cloven foot.

The Iconoclast is not now an Infi paper. It ridicules the Bible as the Catholic church is willing for anybody to do. That church simply demands that you shant say anything against it. But the Iconoclast still tosses bouquets to God and Christ as no thoroughly philosophic publication could or would do.

This last issue of the Iconoclast has and expresses in very virile terms, the low estimate of Dowie that all proper people have, but while Dowie is certainly the intellectual and moral equal of the "late lamented" Pope, or his successor, the present incumbent, there is not a word in the November Iconoclast against Popes or popery, when they certainly have made themselves as offensive to general intelligence and good morals as Dowie possibly could do.

If the Iconoclast proposes to mend its manners, on this point, it must "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," until no reasonable man can longer suspect it of being a Jesuitic organ and the Iconoclast should plainly express its defy of that arch-enemy of human happiness, the Catholic church, just as it does Dowie, a Protestant, until its position can be read and known by all men. If that paper will do this I am willing to let bygones be bygones, and overlook the dregs of Christianity still lingering in the Iconoclast, and recommend to my friends to trust it. I know it is dangerous, ordinarily, to trust anything that has once had the mark of popery on it, to do anything that is advanced and good, but there are Catholics coming over to Infidelity, and this may be an instance of that kind, and if the Iconoclast should betray our confidence we would lose nothing by it, because it would only give us another opportunity to exploit the treachery of popery.

Those who know of my experiences with Christian tyranny and injustice know that as between Catholicism and Protestantism my prejudices would naturally be in favor of Catholicism, because, excepting priest Barry, of Lexington, no Catholic has ever done me any injustice in matters of religion, while there are hundreds of Protestants who have done me injustice as a matter of religious hate. The November issue of the Iconoclast is full of things that are good and wise and witty and there is not an advertisement in it that any moralist could object to, as was formerly the case nor anything else that I cannot sanction.

I sometimes make slams at the "Yankees" that I think are generally understood to be "Pickwickian," and if there is anything in the Iconoclast that looks unjust and unfair, it is an article against the "Yankees," when common intelligence, I think, would show that there is no moral difference, worth considering, between the people of the North and those of the South.

Nine-tenths of the people in the North that fought to free the slave—slavery being one of the outrages that we learned from the Bible—would have fought to keep him in slavery if they had lived in the South and owned slaves, and the North, to-day, is quite as unjust to the Negro as the South is, and Indiana, a Northern State, is the banner State in persecuting Negroes.

But, apart from this possible injustice, the Iconoclast of November, even with its occasional sops to the Christian Cerebus, is a fine publication, and if that publication will put itself into a newspaper form and issue a paper of that kind once a week, instead of once a month and do it for $1.00 a year, and keep up the tone of its November issue, it would be a paper that would make the Blue Grass Blade look to its laurels—which is the most that can be said for anybody's newspaper.

KIDDER

Says the Girls Don't "Tote Fair."

San Francisco, Oct. 8, 1903.

My Brother—I've written to several of your girls and they haven't answered. I lay all this to old man Johnson, who has been giving me away—nas' stinkin' ol' cuss! Every time I tell him that I've written to Miss So and So, he says: "O, she's engaged." The fact is, I'm stuck on his granddaughter, Alice. The other night I went to his house and Alice was indulging in a vocal effort: "O, yaw! hoo ba oo! O'ooo!" So I took her out and bought her some candy and the operatta ceased.

I said: "What have your folks been doing to Alice?" Then, with his pipe stuck up to his starboard eye (the pipe was a present from me), he said: "You have been drinking." I asked how he knew, and he had the audacity to tell me that the "only time I spent money is when I'm drinking."

Bro. Moore, you are our Pope. I call upon you to excommunicate him. I told him this letter would appear in print. He said he didn't "keer a durn."

Dr. Wilson has behaved nobly. Thank God there is some one who loses his temper besides me. I'm glad he cussed that man at Girard College. Brother Moore, these Catholic Irish girls are too much for me. I love 'em! What is to be done? Old man Johnson's house is packed with Irish Catholic girls day and night. Please do something with him. My Irish Catholic sweetheart says I must come Friday night and bring "Dog Fennel."

Have written to Rev. Dr. Carpenter, who says there is no Hell. Will send you his reply. He's Episcopalian. Oh! my brother, if I could enlist the Kidders in our cause (great grandfathers, uncles, cousins, first wife's husband, Bishop of Bath and Wells).

Brother Moore, I envy you. You have done something. You have suffered. I've done nothing. Certainly we are working for something. Did you ever hear of a Freethinker making anything out of his work?

Of course you rank first. Then comes Wilson. I told Bro. Clampett if there be a God and hereafter I want that God to look after the Clampett family. Good bye, my brother.

KIDDER.

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